Frequencies of a Dreamer

A lonely room in New York City, sparks flying through the air
They called him crazy, called him a dreamer, but he didn't care
While others traded gold for power, and fought for every dime
He was looking at the cosmos, living way ahead of time

He drew blueprints in the shadows of what the world would be...
A mind of pure electricity!

Oh, Nikola, you lit up the night!
You captured the lightning and gave us the light!
A beautiful mind that the world couldn't hold
Your story is written in silver and gold
You dreamed of a future where we could be free
The master of sparks and the frequency!

He held the currents in his hands, AC washing away the dark
He harnessed Niagara's roaring waters, and ignited the human spark
But wireless dreams of free energy were too wild for them to buy
They tore his tower down, and left him to wonder why

Three... six... nine... the secrets of the sky.
A solitary soul, watching the pigeons fly!
They took your name, they stole your crown, but your legacy will never go down!

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In the hum of the city, in the glow of the screen...
You are the whisper in the great machine.
Rest now, Nikola.
The world finally sees... your frequency.